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THE
SONG
FOR

New-Years-Day, 1703.

Perform'd before Her MAJESTY.

21 January 1703²

Set by Mr. ECCLES, Master of her MAJESTY's Musick.

The Words by Mr. TATE, *Poet-Laureat* to her MAJESTY.

HEark, how the Muses call Aloud,
To Welcome Father *Janus* Home;
With double Honour proud,
Double Tryumphs now allow'd,
For mighty Blessings past, and Greater yet to come.

A

They

They call, and bid the Spring appear,
 With Wreaths of never-fading Flow'rs,
 Gather'd from Elysian Bow'rs,
 Ever Fragrant, ever Gay,
 To Crown the New Auspicious Day,
 The smiling Promise of a joyful Year.

Chorus.] Come Goddess of the Spring, Appear
 With Wreaths of ever smiling Flow'rs,
 Gather'd from Elysian Bow'rs,
 To Crown the Day that Crowns the Year.

Like You (the Goddess Thus Replies)
 This Young Auspicious Day I prize,
 But One more Blest is drawing near ;
 Till Then, my Infant-Sweets must sleep,
 And I my fragrant Glories keep
 For *ANNA's* Royal Day ; 'tis That which Crowns the
 [Year.
 Sound thy loudest Trumpet, Fame,
 The Joyful Jubilee Proclaim,
 Through *Europe's* Sighing Plains,
 And Nations long Opprest ;
 Tell 'em *Britain's ANNA* Reigns,
Britannia's ANNA Reigns, and *Europe* shall have
 [Rest.
 War's Angry Voice be heard no more,
 For Joy Alone the Cannon Roar ;

For

[3]

For Bloody Bayes, with Gilded Palm
Thy Cradle Infant-Year be Dress'd,
Thy chearful Days all *Halcyon* Calm ;
Calm as *ANNA*'s Sacred Breast.

Thus let thy Happy Minutes Glide,
In Joy's uninterrupted Tide ;
And thy blest Season, like the Past,
A Bright Example give
To After-Years ; while Time shall last,
While Time shall last, and *ANNA*'s Glory live.

Fame and Fortune ever smile
On *Britain*'s Queen, and *Britain*'s Isle :
Plenty Springing through the Plain ;
Traffique Floating on the Main :
Peace at Home ; and, all Abroad ;
Oppressors Quell'd ; and Tyrants Aw'd.

With Thousand Thousand Blessings more,
For Sov'raign Virtue kept in store,
To Signalize the Glorious Reign :

Grand Chorus.] All that You can Happy call,
On *ANNA* and her Royal CONSORT fall,
The Prince of *EARLY* Fame,
Illustrious as his Name,
England's Protecting *GEORGE*, and Guardian of
[the Main.

[3]

For Bloody Bayes, with Gilded Palm
Thy Cradle in Infancy can be Dress'd
Thy dear old Days all Happy Calm;
Calm as AWA's Sacred Broom.

Thus let thy Happy Minutes Glide
In Joy's unintermitted Tide;
And thy bliss Season like the Day
A Bright Example give
To After-Years; while Time shall last
While Time shall last, and Joy be last.

Advertisement.

Fame and Fortune ever mine

NOW in the Press, a Poem on her Majesty's Picture, drawn by Mr. *Closterman*, by Order of the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen, &c. of the City of London, and lately erected in *Guild-Hall*.

Written by Mr. *TATE*, *Poet-Laureat* to Her Majesty.

With a Portrait of the
For Sovereign / and
To Signalize the Glorious

[Circular Stamp: THE ROYAL COINER'S OFFICE, LONDON]

[Faint text: GUILD HALL, LONDON]

The Prince of Wales's
Illustrous as his Name
England's Protecting GEORGE, and Guardian of
the Nation

Printed for J. W. near St. Dunstons Church, 1772.

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